CATCHING CRABS.

Choptank River Fishers Land Them by an Ingenious Method.

Those who crab for market on the Choptank river, Maryland, have an ingenious method of catching crabs in quantity. A rope about the thickness of a clothesline several hundred feet long is kept coiled in a keg. At intervals of two feet along the entire length of the rope the fisherman has untwisted it and inserted between the strands short pieces of salted eels. The torsion of the strand holds them tightly in place. Each end of the rope has a keg buoy attached, together with a heavy stone. Arriving at the favored place, usually on oyster beds, he throws a keg overboard and pays out a highly scented rope as he sails. When the other end is reached, he anchors it with another stone and throws out another buoy. After lowering his sail he waits a few minutes, then takes his stand on the bow of his boat. Alongside of him is his landing net, with a handle six feet long. He raises the buoy and stone and, hand over hand, pulls his boat along the line. When a crab, clinging to its refreshment, comes in sight, he seizes his net, dashes it under the crab and flings it into the boat. The wary crab may loosen his hold and dive for the bottom, but such is the fisherman's dexterity that his net is swifter than the crab. One seldom gets away. Several hundreds of crabs are often taken at each overhauling of the rope. When he has caught all he wants, he packs them in barrels and sells them to a local dealer, who ships them to market.—Country Life In America.

"Doing" Europe In Your Mind.

According to a Cairo contemporary, persons who wish to let their friends know that they are "doing" Europe on a princely scale the while they are living in retirement for a time need only apply to an agency in Paris, which will undertake to send your letters to practically any place in Europe you may select and there to have them posted for you on any date you may choose. The demand for such an institution arose out of the absolute horror the Parisian of "high life" has of being suspected of remaining in Paris or its environs in the bathing season. One feature of the joke is that you can not only get your letters posted from some distant spot, but you can get answers received for you and reposted to your temporary hiding place. There are great possibilities for American travelers in this. Why not stay in America and "do" Europe?—New York Tribune.

Insurance Has Its Humor.

An enterprising insurance agent induced an Irishman to take out an accident policy for his wife. A few days later while conversing with a friend in his office he was startled to see the Irishman rush in, brandishing fiercely a stout cane.

"Ye rascal!" he yelled, springing toward the agent. "Ye wanter cheat me?"

Fortunately the enraged man was disarmed and held fast by the agent's friend, who was a powerfully built man. The Irishman, struggling to get free, shouted:

"Let me git at the spalpeen! Think ov it, chargin' me foive dollars fer an acshident ticket fer me ole woman, an' she jest broke her leg a-fallin' down shtairs! Wot's the good of the ticket anyhow?"

Male Blushers.

One of the most ill founded of all popular delusions is that blushing is the special characteristic of the female sex. As a matter of fact, except in the case of very young girls, men blush far more readily than women. The well bred woman never blushes at all, while it is a matter of everyday experience that in the excitement of business or political discussions men's cheeks redden with very little provocation. Whatever may have been the case a hundred years ago, the modern woman shows her emotion not by blushing, but by turning pale.—London Tatler.

What Is a Well Dressed House?

"What in theatrical parlance is a well dressed house?" said a dramatic writer, and after a silent pause he continued: "I went the other night to a show, and as I passed in the doorkeeper said to me, 'We have a well dressed house tonight, sir.' I supposed he meant that the audience was sporting its best clothes, but I found on looking about that this was not true, and so between the acts I asked him what he had meant. He answered: 'I meant that the house had been seated by the box office man very cleverly, so that it balanced well, and so that the fact that it was not small was not perceptible. To dress a house is to distribute an audience all over it so it looks full when it is, as a matter of fact, far from being so. There are here enough people to fill about the first seven rows of the orchestra, but the house is well dressed, and on looking at it you have the impression that it is fairly well filled. Every ticket seller should see to it that his house is dressed properly. That is why you so often fail to get seated as far up front as you would like.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Why Shakespeare Endures.

What interests us in Shakespeare's plays is not the plays themselves, but the (strictly irrelevant) truth and beauty that he poured into them. We love them for their matchless poetry and their matchless insight into the human soul. "Hamlet" is for us nothing but the study of a contemplative man distracted by the necessity to be up and doing, "Macbeth" the study of a noble mind degraded by ambition, "The Merchant of Venice" the study of racial strength against contempt and persecution. Nothing to us now the actual framework of these studies; everything the studies themselves and the language in which they are set forth. Our pleasure in the production of a Shakespearean play is according solely to the illuminative rightness of the conception of the chief character or characters and to the sonorous beauty with which the verse is declaimed by all.—Saturday Review.

The Spanish Schoolteacher.

The teacher of any land may be overworked. He may suffer from the parsimonious policy of the powers and be underpaid even in our own enlightened country, but in few countries, certainly not in the United States, could such a story as the one which follows be truthfully told:

In the streets of a Spanish city, says the author of "The Land of the Dons," a police officer stumbled on the corpse of a ragged and emaciated pauper. In making out his report he asked what he should enter as the dead man's profession.

"What did he die of?" asked the magistrate.

"Starvation," replied the policeman.

"Put him down as a schoolmaster," replied the magistrate.

THE BRAVE WOLVERENE.

Not a Little Wolf, but a Dignified Forest Monarch.

Not "little wolf," as the ignorant think, is the significance of wolverene, but something of greater dignity—an embodiment of the terrible spirit of the wild fire of the prehistoric forests. Wonderful in its strength and courage, a tree climber on occasion, not immense of size, but with limbs and claws great, out of all proportion to its size, with a muzzle almost hoglike, but with great white fangs, the beast had still an element of the grotesque in its makeup, with its sweeping, bushy tail and the broad bands of yellow white upon its back and shoulders. Woe to the smaller beast or the deer upon which it dropped from some great low hanging branch or before which it suddenly appeared in the dense windfalls!

Of all the continent, the Michigan peninsula was the chosen habitat of the wolverene, and he struggled long before backwoodsmen drove him from his heritage. So enduring was he, so desperately courageous, that his name became a synonym for pluck and prowess, and proudly the people of Michigan accept the nickname which has been given to him.—Outing.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

His Dainty Hands, Tropical Countenance and Good Digestion.

Poe's arms and hands were slender and tapered very gracefully and gently down to the ends of his fingers, which were very tender, gentlemanly and ladylike. In fact, his hands were truly remarkable for their roseate softness and lily white, feminine delicacy. You could have judged of his nobility by his hands.

His face was rather oval, tapering in its contour rather suddenly to the chin, which was very classical, and, especially when he smiled, really handsome. His countenance was tropical in its aspect, precisely the reverse of his heart, which, like the fountains of Solomon, had long been kept sealed up as something sacred from the vulgar gaze of the world, his face whenever he wrote long at any one time putting on a sickly, sallow and rather pallid hue, but never to such an extent as to indicate indisposition. His digestion was always good, which is prima facie evidence that he was never a student.

His dress was always remarkably neat for one in his circumstances. But I do not believe that it would have done for him to have had money. He was ruined in his youth. His college life in Virginia was the cause of all his after inebriation. That was the infernal whirlpool into which was driven the beautiful milk white ship of his soul, never to be reclaimed. Is it not one of the most remarkable things in the world that any man of his abilities should have been so amenable to the dictations of others?—Poe-Chivers Papers in Century.

Speaking From Experience.

"Blanche, dear," said the watchful aunt to her niece, "don't you think that Fred spends too much money upon you?"

"Do you think so, aunty?"

"Indeed I do, Blanche. I've been noticing, and I think he's really extravagant. You ought to check him and tell him to save his money. You will need a good deal when you begin housekeeping, and it is far better for him to put in the bank the money he is now spending on carriage rides and luncheons and tickets to this thing and that than to be squandering it. Think over the matter a minute or two, dear, and you will see it as I do."

"Oh, I've thought about it already, aunty. I'd take your advice if I were absolutely certain that we shall be married, but I've been engaged before, aunty, and I don't intend to advise a young man again to economize for some other girl's benefit."

Reading and Talking.

Reading will be of little use without conversation and conversation will be apt to run low without reading. Reading fills the lamp and conversation lights it. Reading is the food of the mind and conversation the exercise, and as all things are strengthened by exercise so is the mind by conversation. There we shake off the dust and stiffness of a retired scholastic life. Our opinions are confirmed or corrected by the good opinions of others, points are argued, doubts are resolved, difficulties cleared, directions given and frequently hints started which, if pursued, would lead to the most useful truths, like a vein of silver or gold which directs to a mine.—Washington Times.

City of Three Kings.

Do you know what city has been given the name of the City of Three Kings? It is Cologne, in Germany, and the reason is that it is in Cologne that the three "kings," or "magi," or "wise men" who came to Bethlehem to offer gifts to the infant Jesus are supposed to be buried.

According to an ancient legend, their bones were brought from Milan to Cologne by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1162 and presented to the archbishop of Cologne.

Visitors to the cathedral are shown the supposed souls of the magi, studded with diamonds and inscribed with the wise men's names in rubies.

Love Plants.

Plants used in love divinations are common. In many parts of England and Scotland the familiar southern wood is known as "lad's love," "lad lovelass" or "lads' love and lasses' delight." Another British name for the plant is "old man's love" or simply "old man," from its use recommended by Pliny. In Woburn, Mass., this herb is called "boys' love," and it is said that if a girl tucks a bit in her shoe she will marry the first boy she meets.

He Understood.

"And after I get off the cars," said young Markley, who had asked and received permission to call, "which way do I turn to get to your house?"

"Why," said she, "right in front of you, on the corner, you'll see a candy store—a very nice candy store—and—er—when you come out you walk two blocks east."

The Gravedigger.

A gravedigger, walking in the streets the other day, chanced to turn and noticed two doctors walking behind him. He stopped till they passed and then followed on behind them. "And why this?" said they. "I know my place in the procession," returned he.

Broke.

Father—Well, my son, did you succeed in breaking in the new horses so that they would stand the noise of steam?

Son—No, father, but I broke the carriage.

In the Lover's Eye.

All's fair in love, especially the girl a fellow is in love with.

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

The Two Men Separately and the Two In One Being.

Aristotle was an extraordinary man. Plato was an extraordinary man. That two men each severally so extraordinary should have been living at the same time in the same place was a very extraordinary thing. But would it diminish the wonder to suppose the two to be one? So I say of Bacon and Shakespeare. That a human being possessed of the faculties necessary to make a Shakespeare should exist is extraordinary. That a human being possessed of the necessary faculties to make Bacon should exist is extraordinary. That two such human beings should have been living in London at the same time was more extraordinary still. But that one man should have existed possessing the faculties and opportunities necessary to make both would have been the most extraordinary thing of all.

Great writers, especially being contemporary, have many features in common, but if they are really great writers they write naturally, and nature is always individual. I doubt whether there are five lines together to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with their several styles and practiced in such observations.—James Spedding's "Essays."

Physiological Autographs.

Every human being carries with him from his cradle to his grave certain physical marks which do not change their character and by which he can always be identified, and that without shade of doubt or question. These marks are his signature, his physiological autograph, so to speak, and this autograph cannot be counterfeited, nor can he disguise it or hide it away, nor can it become illegible by the wear and the mutations of time.

This autograph consists of the delicate lines or corrugations with which nature marks the insides of the hands and the soles of the feet. If you will look at the balls of your fingers, you that have very sharp eyesight, you will observe that these dainty curving lines lie close together, like those that indicate the borders of oceans in maps, and that they form various clearly defined patterns, such as arches, circles, long curves, whorls and so forth, and that these patterns differ on the different fingers.—"Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Strange Uses For Mirrors.

The celebrated Beau Brummel during the first years of his exile, while yet his fame as a dandy was pre-eminent, had the ceiling of his bedroom covered with mirrors so that even while at rest he could study elegance and assume a graceful pose. For such a purpose a glass ceiling is, however, not unique, and the notorious Duchess of Cleveland had such another constructed to gratify her vanity.

For a far different reason a certain Yorkshire gentleman of the last century had his ceiling paneled with mirrors. Ardently devoted to the sport of cockfighting, he continued to the last to enjoy his favorite pastime and even when on his deathbed his room was the scene of many an exciting fight, which, lying on his back, he saw reflected in the glass overhead.

"Biography of a Snowflake."

Under this title Mr. Arthur H. Bell in Knowledge describes the life history of the aerial frost flowers of winter. In order to have a fair start in life a snowflake should be built up on a particle of dust. Then, if it has the good fortune to begin its career at the top of a cloud many miles above the earth and to pass through many atmospheric strata, differing in their temperature and the amount of moisture they contain, our snowflake is very likely to become a notable individual among its kind. In a stratum of warmer air the little flake catches moisture on its tiny spicules, and when it enters a colder stratum below the moisture is frozen, and so the flake grows. In a thawing air many flakes sometimes cohere, forming disks from an inch to two or three inches across.

Ragged Island.

Ragged island, alias Crie Haven, on the coast of Maine, is certainly happy above most islands. It has neither mice nor magistrates, though its inhabitants number nearly fifty. The solitary doctor comes over when wanted from the mainland. There is not the solace of a church, but there is also not the distraction of a lawyer. There are a few cows and horses, but neither dogs nor cats, nor is insect life, if present at all, a nuisance even in the hottest season. The natives catch lobsters and eat all that they cannot sell.

Plants That Hate Each Other.

Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other! Yet that is the case with two well known British plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If the field is infested with thistles, which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistle will be absolutely annihilated.—London Standard.

Mathematics of Love.

"Margaret," he began, "I have $3,750 in the bank. I own half interest in a patent churn company that clears $1,700 a year. My salary is $20 a week, with prospects of a raise to $22. I have an aunt who will leave me twenty-seven shares of a railway stock now quoted at 53. Tell me, Margaret, will you be mine?"

"Wait," she replied, "till I get a pencil."

For she never had been good at mental arithmetic.—Newark News.

The Baths of Caracalla.

The Romans appear to have been well off in the matter of bathing places in the first and second centuries. In the baths of Caracalla 1,600 bathers could be accommodated at one time. The inclosed area was 360 square yards, but it included a course for foot racing. The bathing establishment was 240 yards in length by 124 wide. The remains of the walls are 8 and 10 feet thick and in some places as much as 50 feet high.

Love Above Par.

Towne—Poor fellow! He certainly does love her for all he's worth.

Browne—He loved her even more than that today.

Towne—How do you mean?

Browne—He sent her a ten dollar bunch of roses and borrowed the price from me.—Philadelphia Press.

Men are like sandwiches—there's nothing in some of them, and the more there is in others the worse they are.—Chicago News.

For a woman to love some men is like casting a flower into a sepulcher.—

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE.

Keeping Out the Germs Is Better Than Doctoring For Them.

In looking over the history of the search for a means of cure one is struck by the great value of the ounce of prevention. Keeping the germs out is in every way preferable to dealing with the matter after they have once entered the body. This fact scientific medicine is impressing more and more deeply on the minds of public authorities and the people, and their response in the form of provisions for improved public and private sanitation is one of the striking features of the social progress of the present time. All the more enlightened nations, states and cities of the world possess organized departments of health, which, with varying degrees of thoroughness, deal with the problems presented by the infectious diseases in the light of the latest discoveries.

Fifty years ago the term preventive medicine was unknown. Today it represents a great body of well attested and accepted principles. It has cleaned our streets, it has helped build our model tenements, it has purified our food and our drinking water, it has entered our homes and kept away disease, it has prolonged our lives and it has made the world a sweeter place in which to live.—Medical News.

Australian Tea.

In the interior of Australia all the men drink tea. They drink it all day long and in quantities and at a strength that would seem to be poisonous. On Sunday morning the tea maker starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and when this has boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep, coffee colored liquid.

On Monday, without removing yesterday's tea leaves, he repeats the process; on Tuesday da capo and on Wednesday da capo, and so on through the week. Toward the close of it the great pot is filled with an acrid mash of tea leaves, out of which the liquor is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup.

By this time the tea is of the color of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate. The native calls it "real good old post and rails," the simile being obviously drawn from a stiff and dangerous jump, and regards it as having been brought to perfection.

Story of a Top Hat.

A lady who lives in a fashionable suburb is of a saving turn of mind and manages to combine her love of economy with a due regard for her husband's appearance by turning his old top hats into waste paper baskets. The other day she saw on the hall table a prehistoric hat, venerable with age. She seized it in triumph and had just removed the brim, covered the body with light blue silk and was finishing it off with a tasteful arrangement of lace and bows when she was interrupted by the servant: "Please, mum, the piano tuner says he can't find his top hat nowheres. He left it in the hall, he says." Ten minutes later that tuner left the house with a cap on his head and a sovereign in his pocket. Waste paper baskets are now scarce in that house.—London Answers.

Queer English Custom.

Persons aspiring to become bailiff at Alnwick, England, have to go through a curious and somewhat unpleasant ordeal. Before the election the various candidates ride up in a body to a horse pond and, there dismounting from their steeds, plunge into the water and struggle as best they may to the other side. The music of a brass band cheers them during their struggles in the dirty water. This ancient custom dates from the reign of King John, who once paid a visit to the town in 1210 and found no fitting welcome prepared for him. The blame of this state of unpreparedness was fastened on the luckless bailiffs, who were promptly thrown into the horse pond by royal command.

Japanese Natural Varnish.

The Rhus coriaria, or varnish tree, grows in many parts of what may be termed the Mediterranean district, and its juice is known for its deleterious or injurious properties and has consequently been let alone. The Japanese, however, seem to understand it, and it is certain they make a beautiful lacquer or varnish from the juice of their trees, but they keep the processes secret.

Cramp In the Leg.

To those who suffer from cramp in the leg at night the following hint may be useful: When the cramp comes on, take a good strong string—a long garter will do—wind it round the leg over the place that is affected and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will depart, and the sufferer can return to bed assured it will not come on again that night.

His Own Critic.

Son—But accidents will happen, father, in the best regulated families.

Father (angrily)—That may be, sir, but I would have you to understand that mine is not one of the best regulated families.

Fame.

Fame is easily acquired. All you have to do is to be in the right place at the right time and do the right thing in the right way—and then advertise it properly.—Puck.

The Brute's Retort.

Mrs. Prissims—Oh, but I got taken in when I married you, you wretch!

Mr. Prissims—Yes—out of the cold.—Newark News.

The Hotel of 2003.

Clerk—Michael, are you about through moving those trunks?

Porter—Yes, sor, in a few minutes.

"Well, when you've finished, stretch the life net over the front pavement. Mrs. Hibawl has just telephoned from the top floor that her husband has fallen out of the window."—Smart Set.

His Finish.

Casey—So Cassidy is engaged to be married. Oi always thought he was a thrifter.

Farrell—Well, he thought so himself—till he thrifled wid a widow.—Puck.

A Cold.

There are some things in the world that one can't understand. One is that you catch a cold without trying; that if you let it run it stays with you, and if you stop it it goes away.

Proved!

"Your son is a philosophical student, I hear."

"Yes, I believe he is. I can't understand what he's talking about."—Detroit Free Press.

ORIGIN OF FAMOUS HYMNS.

Stories About the Writing of Some of the Greatest Favorites.

Every one perhaps has his or her favorite hymn, yet few know its author and under what circumstances it was composed. Hitherto there has been no good book on the subject, but that defect is now remedied, thanks to the patient industry of Mr. Francis A. Jones, whose volume, "Famous Hymns and Their Authors," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It is full of curious and interesting information. Take the Christmas hymns, for example. "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!" when originally published by Charles Wesley in 1739 began "Hark, how all the welkin rings." "Christians, Awake!" was composed by John Byrom in 1745 as a carol for his little daughter Dolly, "for her and for no one else." In the original the manuscript is headed "Christmas Day For Dolly." It was first published in 1746 in Harrop's Manchester Mercury and was set to music by the organist of the Manchester parish church, John Wainwright. "While Shepherds Watched," another carol, was written by Nahum Tate 200 years ago. The popular "Abide With Me" was written by the Rev. H. E. Lyte in 1847 at Brixham. He had become so ill that he was ordered to Nice. On the Sunday evening prior to his leaving he walked by the seashore alone for half an hour after service, fully convinced that he had spoken to his congregation for the last time. When the sun had set, he went back to his study, and an hour later the hymn was finished. Dr. Monk composed its beautiful setting in an inspired ten minutes.

Canon Ellerton's popular "Saviour, again to thy dear name," was composed so recently as 1886, but has since then been translated into nearly every language and dialect. The story of how Newman wrote "Lead, Kindly Light," in an orange boat while becalmed in the strait of Bonifacio is well known. "Rock of Ages," probably the most popular hymn in the English language, was written by Toplady when caught in a thunderstorm near Blagdon in the Mendips. As the London went down in the bay of Biscay in 1866 the doomed passengers sang this hymn. It was once translated into Hindoostanee by an enthusiastic native convert, and his rendering, literally translated, read thus:

Very old stone, split for my benefit,
Let me absent myself under one of your fragments.

Many stories are told of the hymns of Isaac Watts. It is said that he wrote "Not All the Blood of Beasts" after a visit to Smithfield market, while the charming hymn "There Is a Land of Pure Delight" was suggested by the view of Southampton water as seen from the Isle of Wight. He is believed to have written 500 hymns. Many are mediocre; a few will last as long as the English language. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was suggested to Charles Wesley by a sea bird flying to him for protection during a storm. It was one of the earliest that he wrote. A good story is told of Keble and Dr. Neale, both writers of hymns.

Dr. Neale was invited by Mr. Keble and the bishop of Salisbury to assist them with their new hymnal, and for this purpose he paid a visit to Hinsley parsonage. On one occasion Mr. Keble, having to go to another room to find some papers, was detained a short time. On his return Dr. Neale said, "Why, Keble, I thought you told me that the 'Christian Year' was entirely original?" "Yes," he answered, "it certainly is." "Then how comes this?" And Dr. Neale placed before him the Latin of one of Keble's hymns. Keble professed himself utterly confounded. He protested that he had never seen the original. After a few minutes of quiet enjoyment Neale relieved him by owning that he had just turned it into Latin during his absence.

A Squirrel Colony.

Brandywine Manor has a large colony of gray squirrels, but no shooting is permitted near the village, the squirrels being the pets of all the residents of the place.

A number of years ago the late William Rettew, who resided in the village, discovered a number of squirrels in the garret of his house and cared for them. Then he became imbued with the idea of protecting all the squirrels in the vicinity. In the garret he arranged neat nests for them and fed all that came. The number multiplied rapidly, and they gradually established homes in the trees in the woodland near his home.

The worst enemy of the gray squirrel is the red squirrel, and Mr. Rettew began a war of extermination against the latter, which he kept up until his death. Then his son continued the work, and today there are hundreds of gray squirrels in the woods for a mile around the village, but few red ones. Every resident considers it his duty to kill a red squirrel wherever found.

During the summer the animals may be seen playing about the trees in every direction, and they are often found in the houses of the residents.—Philadelphia Press.

John Knox's Old Home.

It is interesting to know that the ground floor of John Knox's house in High street, Edinburgh, has been transformed into a quaint haunt of old books. It has been in turn a hairdresser's, public house, greengrocer's, restaurant and tobacconist's. "Ye house of John Knox," which is one of the most picturesque of Edinburgh's relics, was standing in 1490. Surviving many vicissitudes till 1559, it was then rented by the town council of Edinburgh for the "lodging" of John Knox, when they called him to be minister of St. Giles' in 1559. From the west window he frequently preached, and here in November, 1572, he died.

Pigeon's Milk Not a Joke.

The joke about pigeon's milk has a foundation in fact. After the incubation of the young has been completed, the crops of the parent bird become thicker and secrete a sort of curd, with which the young are fed. This description of nourishment is necessary for them, for if the young pigeons are deprived of it during the first week or two after hatching they are sure to die.

As the Stork Sees It.

First Stork—I just left a baby at that millionaire's house.

Second Stork—Funny things, these human beings! I've just delivered three to one woman in a tenement house, and her husband's out of work, and they haven't a cent.—Brooklyn Life.

All Kinds.

Customer (to grocer)—How much is your butter a pound?

Grocer—Do you mean sweet butter, dairy cream butter, best butter, fine butter or butter?—Stray Stories.

The man who doesn't amount to much usually has his sign out.

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Agents—W. H. Pauitt, Temperanceville; E. J. Winder, Onancock; Geo. W. Abdell. Belle Haven; Bird & Drummond, Grangeville; Lloyd Smith, Pungoteague.

NEW YORK, PHILA. & NORFOLK RAILROAD

Time Table in Effect Dec. 1st, 1902

Quickest and only daily line between Boston, New York, Phila., Norfolk and Old Point Comfort.

NORTHWARD

Stations	92 Mail.	82 N. & N.Y. Exp.	94 N. Y. Exp.	80 Delmar Accom.
Leave...	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Portsmouth		5 30	7 25	
Norfolk		6 20	7 45	
O. P. Comfort		7 20	8 40	
Cape Charles		9 25	10 55	6 15
Bayview				f6 19
Cheriton		c 9 35	f11 03	6 22
Cobbs		c 9 38	f11 05	f6 25
Eastville		c 9 45	11 12	6 30
Machipongo		c 9 52	f11 19	6 35
Bird's Nest		c 9 59	11 24	6 39
Nassawadox		c10 05	11 30	6 44
Exmore		c10 15	11 38	6 52
Mappsburg		c10 22	f11 45	6 57
Keller		c10 29	11 50	7 04
Melfa		c10 35	f11 55	7 08
Only		c10 42	f12 03	7 12
Tasley		10 48	12 09	7 16
Parksley		c11 00	12 20	7 25
Bloxom		c11 07	f12 27	7 31
Hallwood		c11 15	12 35	7 38
Bloomtown		c11 19	f12 38	7 42
Oak Hall		c11 24	f12 42	7 45
Day Siding				f7 47
New Church		c11 31	12 51	7 53
Pocomoke	6 25	11 46	1 06	8 04
Costen	6 30			f8 14
King's Creek	6 40		1 21	8 22
Princess Anne	7 00	12 10	1 26	8 35
Loretto	7 05			f8 42
Eden	7 10			8 49
Fruitland	7 18			8 55
Salisbury	7 35	12 35	1 46	9 39
B.C. & A. Jun.	7 48			9 40
Delmar	7 53	12 55	2 04	9 55
Arrive...	A.M.	A.M	P.M.	P.M.

Arrive...	P.M.	A.M.
Baltimore (Union Station)	6 17	6 48
Wilmington	4 15	5 00
Phila. (Broad St. Station)	5 10	5 44
Trenton		
Newark		
New York (P. R. R.	8 00	8 15

SOUTHWARD

Leave...	97 N.Y. Norfolk Exp.	89 Old Point Exp.	81 C.C. Acco.
	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
New York (P. R. R.	8 55	7 55	
Newark	8 33		
Trenton	9 50		
Phila. (Broad St. Station)	11 21	10 16	
Wilmington	12 04	10 58	
Baltimore (Union Station)	7 53	9 00	

Leave...	A.M.	P.M.	A.M	A.M.
Delmar	11 37	3 00	1 40	7 30
B.C. & A. Jun.	11 49			7 45
Salisbury	11 51	3 10	1 50	7 50
Fruitland	12 01			8 00
Eden	12 06			8 06
Loretto	f12 11			f8 11
Princess Anne	12 20	3 28	2 07	8 18
King's Creek	12 35		2 10	8 24
Costen	12 50			f8 33
Pocomoke	12 55	3 47	2 25	8 45
New Church	b3 57		2 35	8 55
Day Siding				f9 00
Oak Hall			f2 42	9 02
Bloomtown	b4 07		f2 46	9 06
Hallwood	b4 12		2 52	9 09
Bloxom	b4 19		f2 59	9 15
Parksley	b4 27		3 07	9 20
Tasley	4 35		3 17	9 30
Only	b4 38		f3 20	9 34
Melfa			f3 26	9 40
Keller	b4 48		3 32	9 45
Mappsburg	b4 53		f3 37	9 50
Exmore	b4 58		3 44	9 56
Nassawadox	b5 04		3 52	10 01
Bird's Nest	b5 09		3 58	10 06
Machipongo	b5 14		f4 03	10 11
Eastville	b5 20		4 10	10 17
Cobbs	b5 27			f10 22
Cheriton	b5 30		f4 20	10 25
Bayview				f10 29
Cape Charles	5 50		4 30	10 45
O. P. Comfort.	7 40		6 30	
Norfolk	8 45		7 35	
Portsmouth	9 05		7 45	
Arrive...	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.

"f" Stops for passengers on signal or notice to conductor.

"c" Stops only to let off passengers from Cape Charles and points South, and take on passengers for points North of Delmar.

"b" Stops only to let off passengers from points North of Delmar, and take on passengers for Cape Charles and points South.

Trains 97 and 82 will stop at all stations on Sunday for local passengers, on signal or notice to conductor.

R. B. Cooke, Traffic Manager, Norfolk, Va.
J. G. Rodgers, Supt. Cape Charles, Va.